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Chapter 1 by Emster

The plane halted to a spot. I took out my head phones and looked around. I was bored from what I saw. Four crying babies, around six couples snuggling, nine old grandpas playing cards, and more. I would have looked around more but people were starting to leave, so I hopped off.

I walked into the airport and looked around. No sign of my dad. Good. That mean's I have some time to send out a distress signal. I pulled out my phone and dialed in Jesse's number.

"Hello?" she said from the other line.

"Hey it's Lila." I say back.

"Lila! Omg! Is it fun there? Have you met any cute beach boys? Have you surfed the California waves? Have you-"

"No I have not! I just got off the plane!" I scanned the area again, but I wasn't so lucky this time. My Dad had found me.

"Listen I gotta go. Bye." I hung up the phone and prepared to see my Dad for the first time. Ever.

Chapter 2 by Ak



I took a deep breath and started to walk towards my father. He had dirty blonde hair just like mine and his eyes were the perfect shade of blue, the one I crave for. No wonder mom fell for him. As his eyes fell on me, his lips

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"Thank you, uh..." I spoke but suddenly hesitation took over. Should I call him dad? I looked up at him to find his smile fading away, I quickly smiled and added "Dad."

He beamed and started walking towards his Mustang, following him out, my eyes fell on a guy standing besides the Mustang. He had dark hair and tanned skin (obviously because of the California sun), his jaw line define with high cheek bones and even from this distance his green eyes didn't fail to shimmer under the bright sun.

"Lila meet Tyler, he will be living with us."

And at that moment I knew that this summer isn't going to be half bad.

Chapter 3 by Fanwizard



"Hey," Tyler smiled, showing off a crooked smile and made his eyes sparkle with amusement.

"I'm Tyler Grayson."

"Lila," I said. I looked down, bit down on my lip, and looked back up. What was it about this guy that made me so nervous? I was Lila Layla. I was perfected my strategy of playing hard to get. Boys weren't supposed to make me nervous. I was supposed to make boys nervous.

Dad looked back and forth between Tyler and me, trying to figure us out, but he was stumped. Missing seventeen years of my life clearly showed, as Dad tried to find something to say.

"Er, um, uh, let me, uh, help you with those bags," Dad said awkwardly.

"I'm good, thanks," I said curtly. I had no intention of warming up to the guy who had walked out on Mom while she was pregnant.

"Ladies first," Tyler said smoothly, opening the backseat door for me.

Normally, this act would have made me slightly annoyed. Women could open doors by themselves, thank you very much. But something about Tyler, the way he loomed over everyone, the way he looked like a model in his plain white t-shirt, black jeans, and brown combat boots, and the way he looked at me, intrigued me.

"Thanks," I said quietly, as I slid into the backseat, dropping my bags on the floor. Tyler closed the car door, then opened the passenger seat, where he sat down gracefully.

Jeez. He moved like a ballet dancer, but was built like a tennis player.

"Uh, how are you, Lila?" Dad said stiffly.

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Tyler leaned his seat back, and put his hands behind his head as he stretched out his tall and lean body. Compared to him, I was practically a dwarf with my 5'4 stature. He had to be at least 6'3.

I took out my iPod and earbuds, picked out a *Panic! at the Disco* playlist, and stared out the window. Babbling out, earbuds in.

"It's nice," I said.

Dad's house was beyond nice. Even though I lived with a highly successful architect for a mom, Dad's house was pretty close behind in gorgeous houses.

"There's a pool in the back that I'd think you'd love," Dad said.

I stepped out, smoothed out my black skater skirt, and picked up my bags.

"Let me help you with that," Tyler appeared out of nowhere and took my suitcase before I could protest.

"Thank you," I slammed the car door shut and started walking down the long driveway to the front door, which Dad unlocked.

Wow. Just wow.

The house looked like it had been decorated yesterday. They must have a maid here or something. Even Mom had hired a maid to get our house cleaned to perfection.

A woman, probably in her late twenties to her early thirties, sat on the couch. She was very pretty, her dark brown hair pulled half up half down, smooth tan skin, and blue gray eyes.

"Rose, meet my daughter, Lila. Lila, meet Rose," Dad said, giving Rose a loving look.

Rose smiled, showing off two dimples. "I'm so glad you're staying with us for the summer.

Heidi's somewhere upstairs, let me get her. Heidi! We have a guest!"

Footsteps. Then, "Mommy, I can't find Elmo!"

I did not expect a toddler with blonde hair lighter than Dad's, like mine used to be when I was really little. It would eventually turn dirty blonde. Her eyes were the same blue as Dad's, and she was basically the cutest toddler I'd ever seen. Button nose, large eyes, small chin, rosy complexion, and chubby cheeks.

"Heidi, this is your sister, Lila," Dad said, picking Heidi up.

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"Tyler will show you to your room," Rose said, taking Heidi from Dad's arms.

"Of course," Tyler nodded, and started up the stairs with my suitcase without a sweat.

I followed through the many hallways with several closed doors. Finally, we reached one at the end of the hallway.

"This one's yours," Tyler opened the door, and entered, placing the suitcase by my bed.

It was around the size of my bedroom at home, but much more *basic*. No inspirational posters, no colorful comforter, no elegant lamps.

"Thanks," I bit down on my lip and smoothed out my skirt again.

"Anytime. The pool's in the back in case you were curious."

"Where's your room?"

"That one," Tyler pointed to one of the closed doors three doors away from my room. "I'll leave you alone."

Tyler left almost as quickly as he came.

I adjusted my sunglasses, and went down the stairs quickly, hoping to avoid any of Dad's perfect family. Even if Heidi was cute, it was still a somewhat painful reminder of how he had broken Mom's heart beyond repair.

The pool was sparkling under the bright sunlight. There were several blue and white chairs by the pool and I tossed my towel and phone onto one of them. I quickly removed my blue cover up and cutoff shorts, and jumped into the pool before I could change my mind.

I swam for only a few minutes, before I heard someone approach.

"You're really hard to find, you know that?" a voice behind me said.

I turned around to find myself looking at Tyler, wearing dark blue swim trunks and no shirt.

I flushed, both from the sight of Tyler and Tyler wearing dark blue swim trunks.

"Don't you have a girlfriend?"

"And keep away from a pretty girl like you? I bet you have all the boys falling headfirst for you back home. You don't find a girl who looks like that everyday."

"I don't have a boyfriend."

"Really?" Tyler raised a perfectly arched eyebrow. "No one should look like that. Well, I'm about to make a splash?"

"What?"

It dawned on me a moment too late as Tyler balled into the pool.

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